

The two Lymas Lovers,

Thomas and Betty.

Set forth in a *Dialogue* between them at his Departure.
 Altho' they part, yet still his Heart } } And likewise she in Loyalty,
 was true, he lov'd her dear. } } did perfectly appear.
 None of, So faine grateful a Creature, This may be Printed. R. P.



Fairest of Creatures I leave thee,
 now for a Twelve-month or more,
 yet I will never deceive thee,
 but will thy blessings restore:
 When I return from the Ocean,
 Gold I will bring to my dear,
 For my sweet Jewels promotion,
 there is no Part to the fear.

Surely thy words they are fit for,
 which to my sorrow I hear,
 Never was said more unwilling,
 than I to part with my dear,

Why wilt thou hazard the dangers,
 of the Temptitious Seas,
 With the abuses of Strangers,
 when thou might live at thy ease.

Why should those dangers affright us,
 Seamen must ne'r be dismay'd,
 There is nothing can delight us,
 more then a prosperous Trade:
 Sailing from Nation to Nation,
 travelling Seamen behold,
 Wonderful Works of Creation,
 bring home the Indian Gold.

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Altho' they part, yet still his Heart }
was true, he lov'd her dear. }

And likewise she in Loyalty,
did perfectly appear.

None of, So faine grateful a Creature,

This may be Printed. R. P.



Fairest of Creatures I leave thee,
now for a Twelve-month or more,
yet I will never deceive thee,
but will thy blessings restore:
When I return from the Ocean,
Glad I will bring to my dear,
For my sweet Jewels promotion,
there is no Part to the fear.

Surely thy words they are fit for,
which to my sorrow I hear,
Never was said more unwilling,
than I to part with my dear,

Why wilt thou hazard the dangers,
of the Temptitious Seas,
With the abuses of Strangers,
when thou might live at thy ease.

Why should those dangers affright us,
Seamen must ne'r be dismay'd,
There is nothing can delight us,
more then a prosperous Trade:
Sailing from Nation to Nation,
travelling Seamen behold,
Wonderful Works of Creation,
bring home the Indian Gold.



Why dost thou tell me of treasure?
 threaten me that thou wilt roam,
 Can I possesse greater pleasure,
 then to embrace thee at home?
 O that I might but enjoy thee,
 'tis what thy true-lover craves,
 Here there is none can annoy thee,
 no nor the turbulent Waves.

What tho' awhile we are parted?
 Heaven still will be my guide,
 Why should I then be faint-hearted?
 since there is many beside,
 Captain, with hallicant stout Seamen,
 Bowson with all the whole Crew,
 Harped Men as well as Freemen,
 fears not what Tempests can do.

Dearest thy language does grieve me,
 being surrounded with fears,
 Hast thou the power to leave me,
 drowned with sorrowful tears?
 When I consider my Jewel,
 whom I so dearly adore,
 Meet with those Billows so cruel,
 where I shall see him no more.

Love, when most terrible thunder,
 causes a Tempest to rise,
 Tearing our Rigging asunder,
 off between Billows and Skies.

Weeping alas! must relieve me;
 while thou art Sailing the Sea,
 Nothing in nature doth grieve me,
 more than the parting with thee.

Prithee be patient my Sweeting,
 let nothing trouble thy mind,
 There will be joy in next meeting,
 thou shalt assuredly find,
 When I return you shall flourish,
 Jewels to thee I will give,
 And in my Arms I will nourish,
 my Love as long as I live.

No one but thee I will marry,
 whom I do dearly adore,
 Tho I no longer can carry
 with thee my Jewel on shore:
 Let it be still thy endeavour,
 truly contented to be,
 Tho for a while we must sever,
 I will be Loyal to thee.

Seeing we must be divided,
 and that thou wilt have thy will,
 May you by Blessings be guided,
 thus I shall pray for thee still:
 That nothing may e're annoy thee,
 while thou com'st safe to the shore,
 Love I shall long to enjoy thee,
 and to behold thee once more.